

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



20¢
©

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FEB
02459

DAREDEVIL[®]

AND THE

BLACK WIDOW[™]



LIE DOWN AND
DIE, MASKED
MAN! YOU
CAN'T HIDE
FROM--

--AN ENTIRE
CITY OF
MONSTERS!

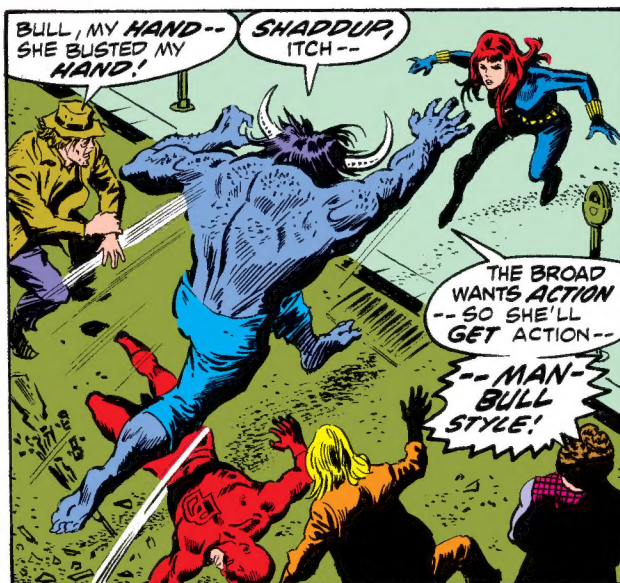


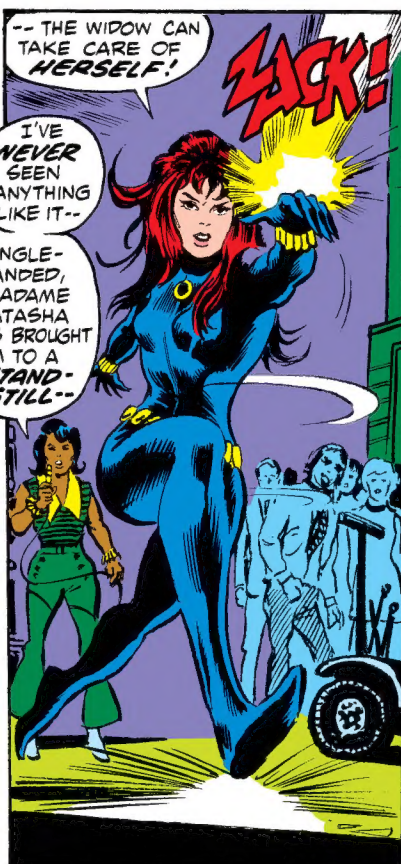
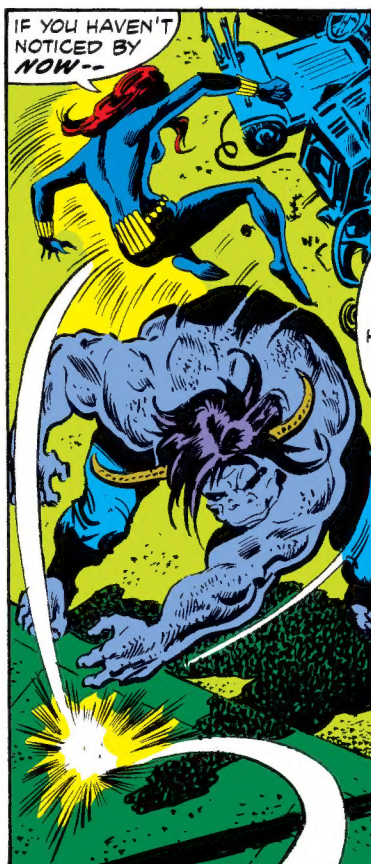
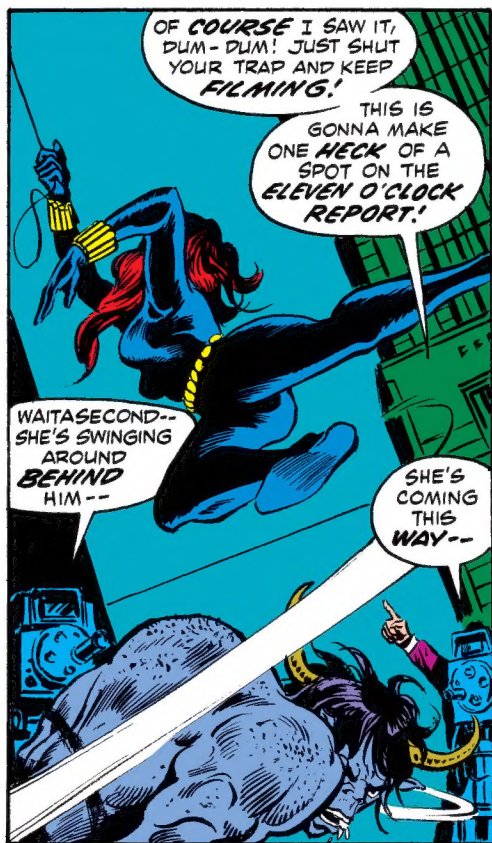
LEGION OF THE LOST!

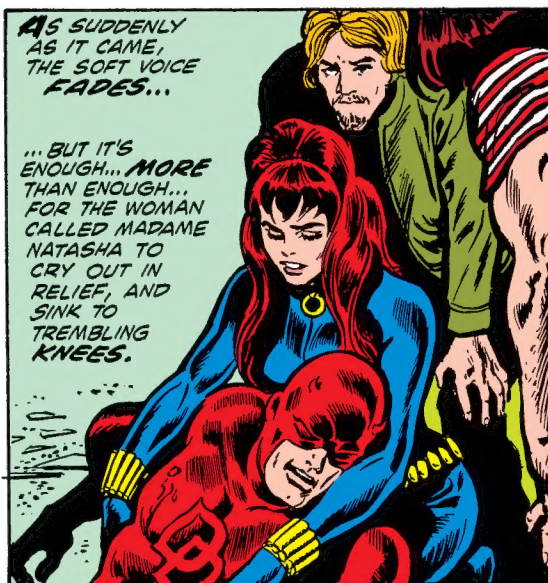
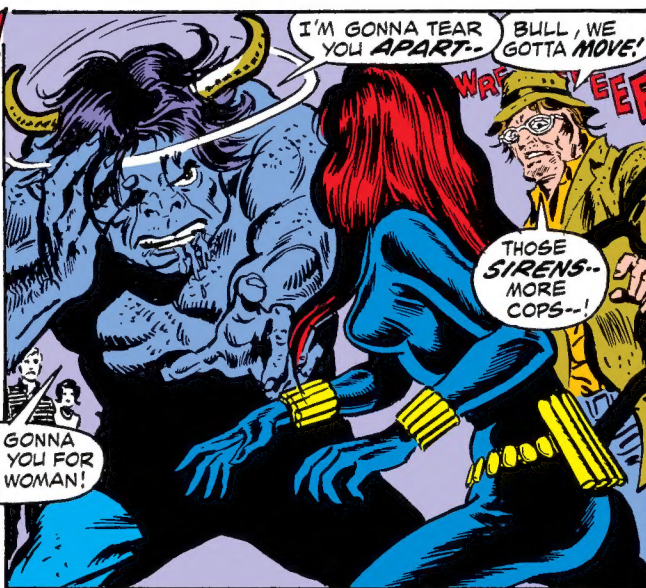
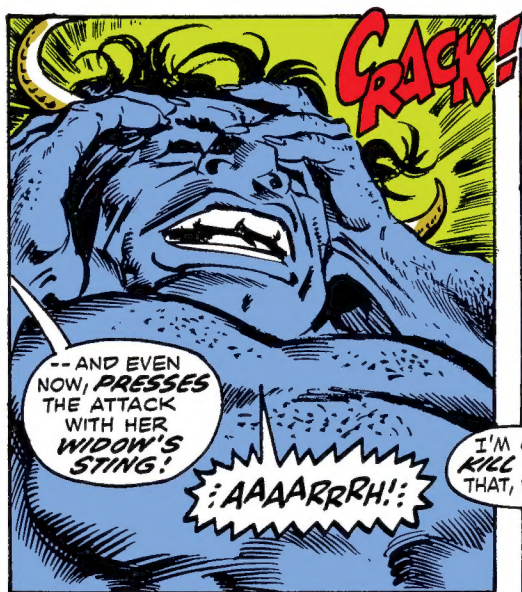
Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

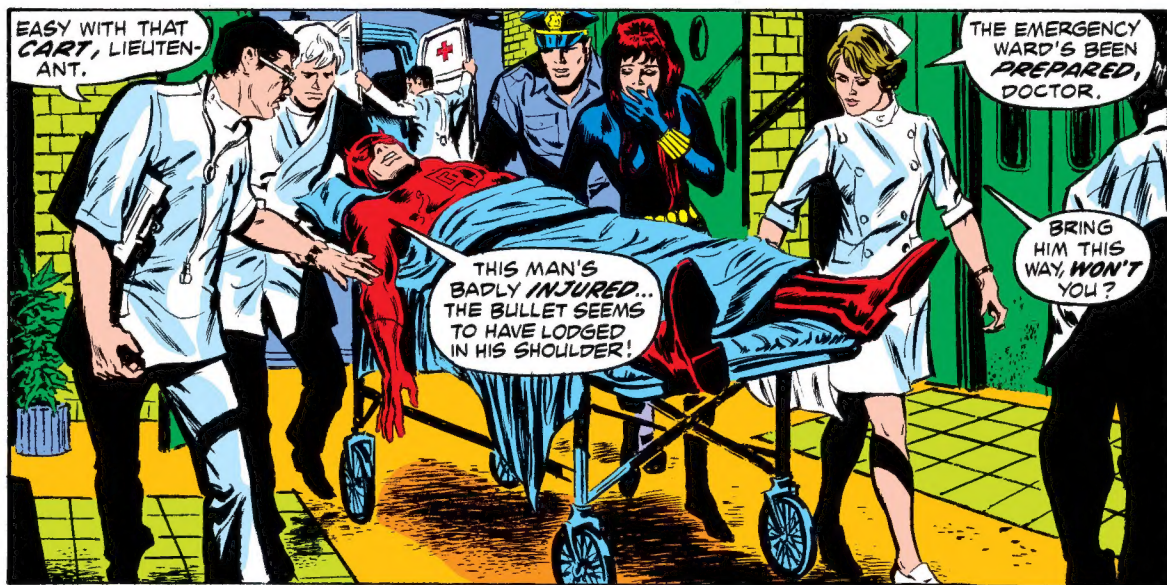


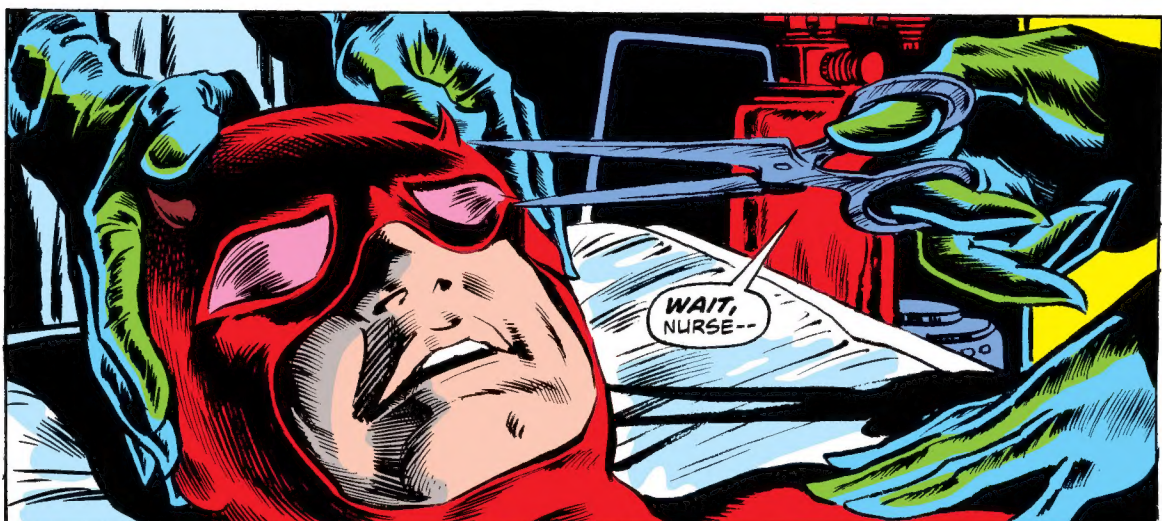
GERRY CONWAY / GENE COLAN / ERNIE CHUA / JOHN COSTANZA / ROY THOMAS / IRVING FORBUSH
SCRIPTER / ARTIST / INKER / LETTERER / COLORIST / EDITOR / MORAL SUPPORT

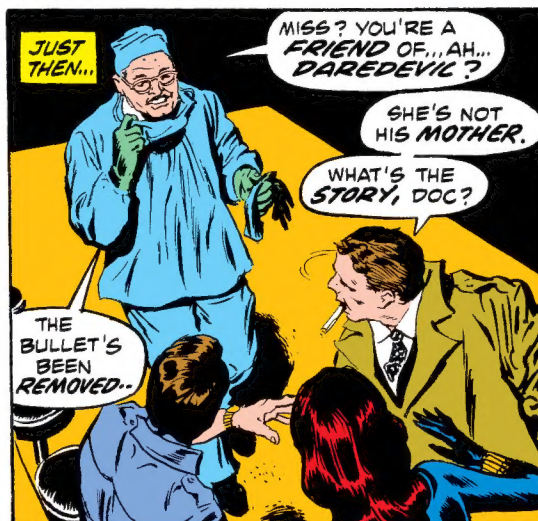
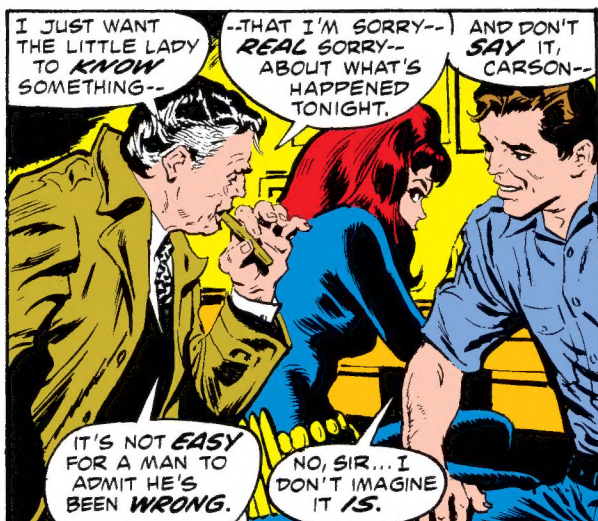
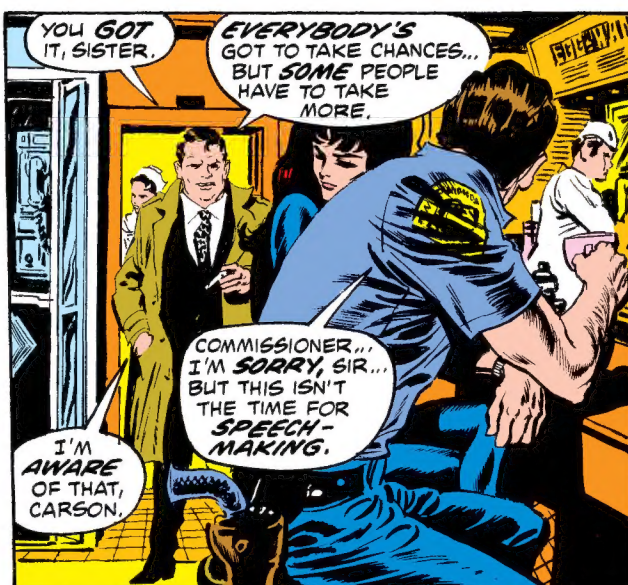
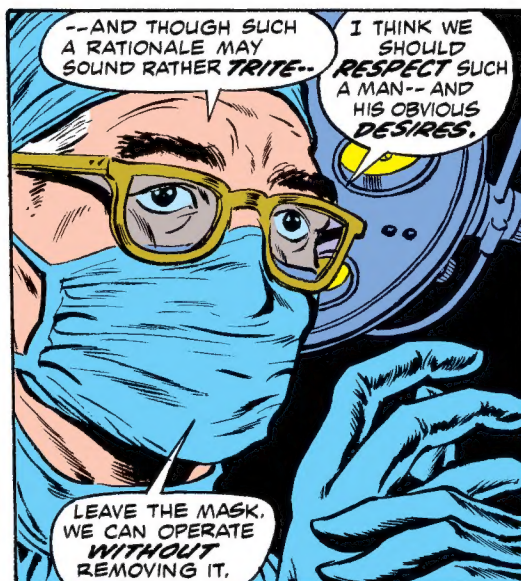
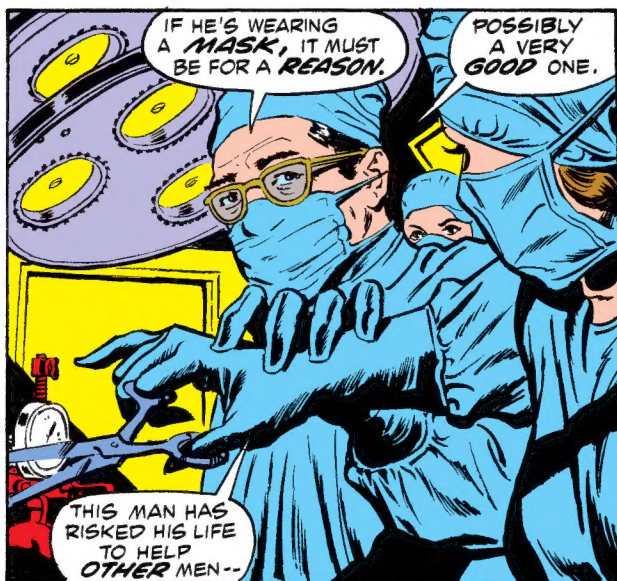


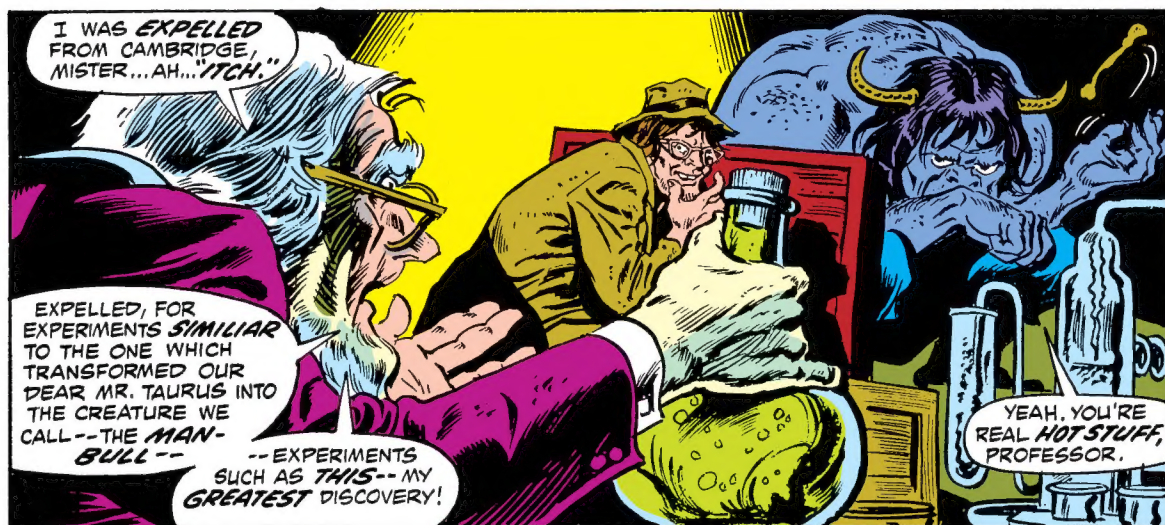
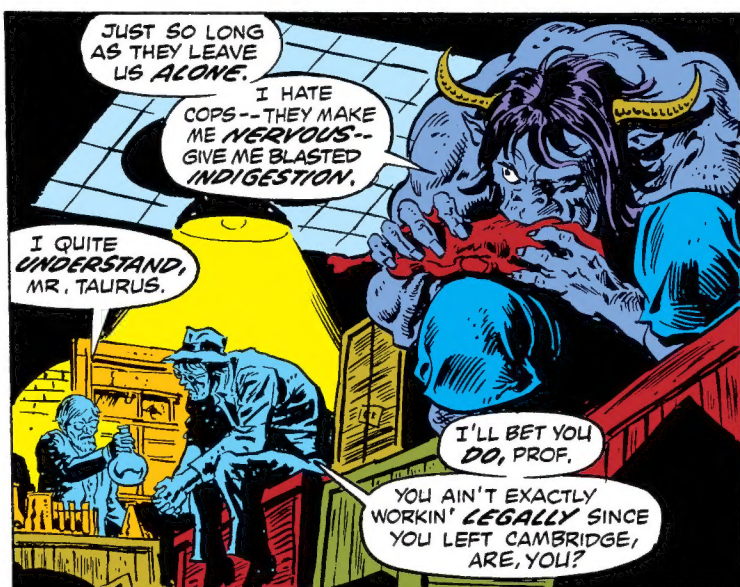
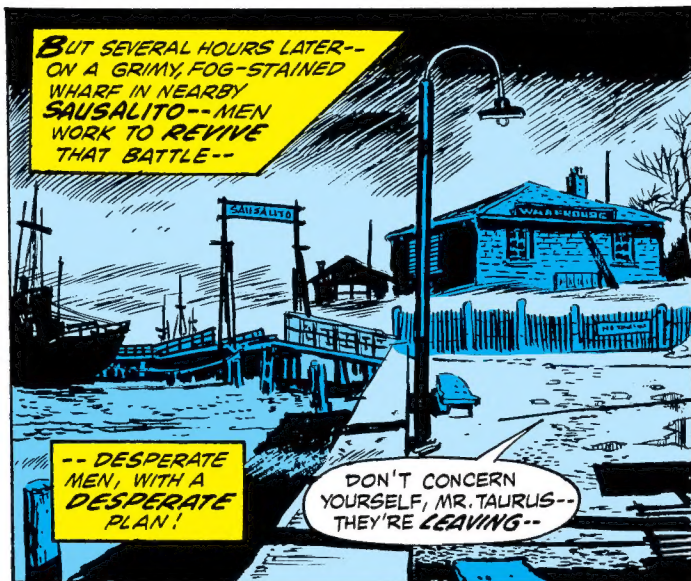


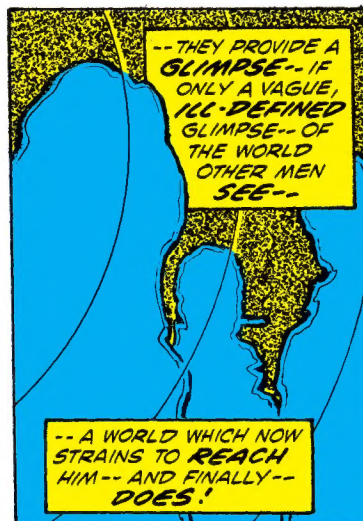
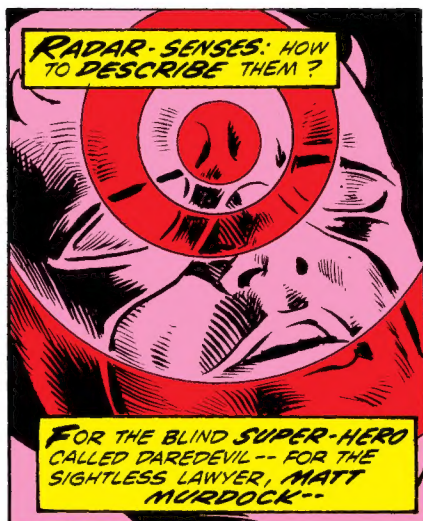
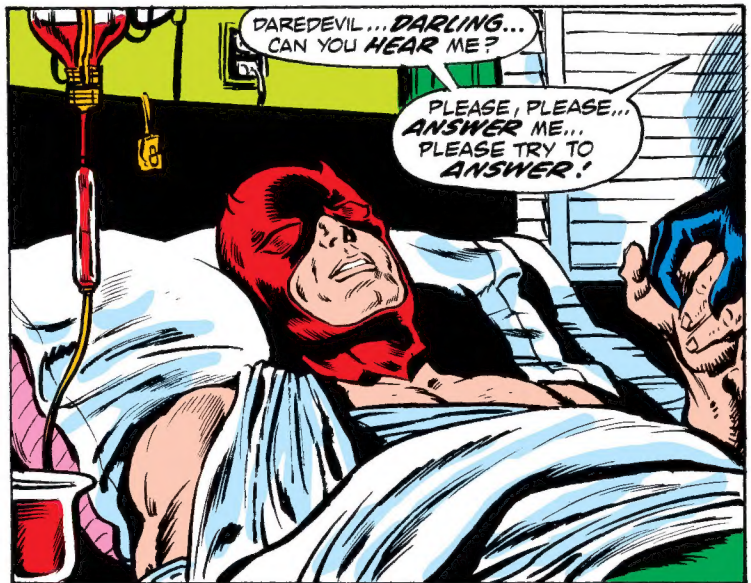
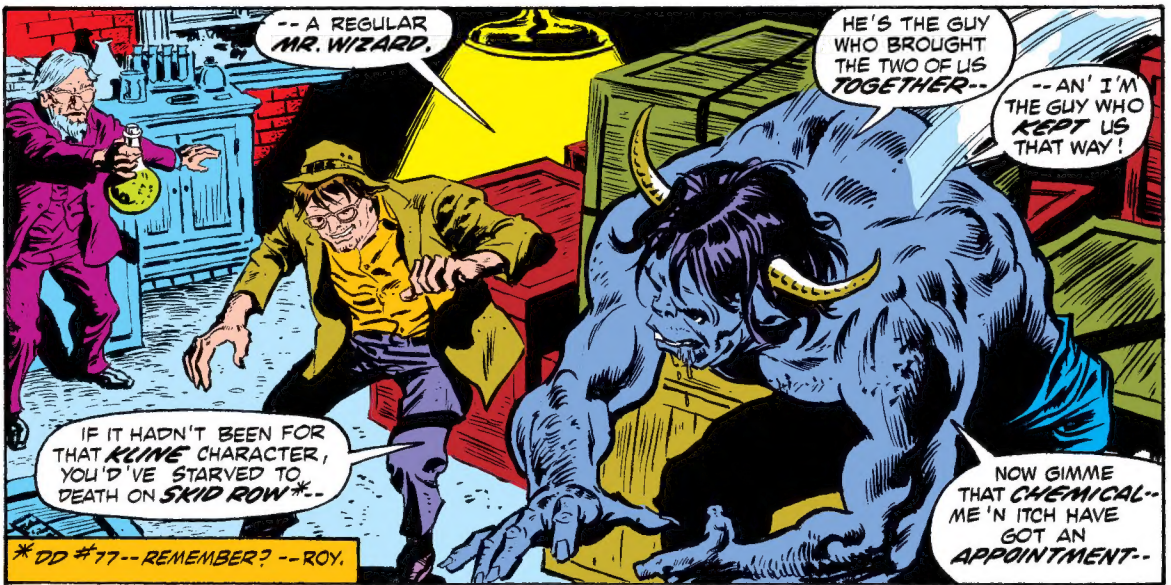












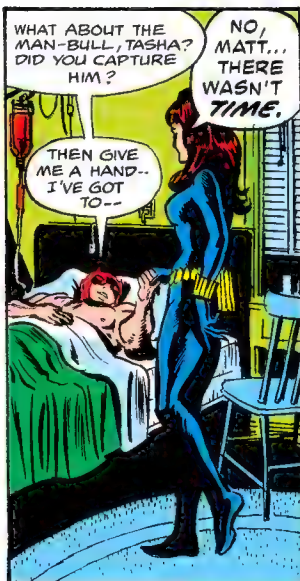


THAT'S WHAT YOU
CALL AN "WONGUTS"
O'HARA **SPECIAL**,
DD...

TAKE **CARE**
OF HIM, TASHA.

...A PERSONALIZED
BRAND OF THE **LEFT-
HANDED COMPLIMENT!**

I'LL WAIT
OUTSIDE!



WHAT ABOUT THE
MAN-BULL, TASHA?
DID YOU CAPTURE
HIM?

NO,
MATT...
THERE
WASN'T
TIME.

THEN GIVE
ME A HAND--
I'VE GOT
TO--

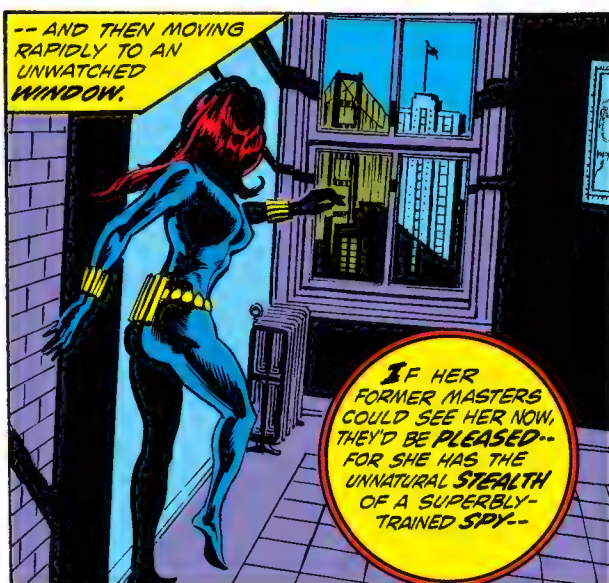


--YOU'VE GOT TO
REST-- GET YOUR
STRENGTH BACK. I'VE
BEEN
WORRIED
ABOUT YOU-- I
WON'T LET YOU
DO ANYTHING
FOOLISH.

TASHA,
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTA--
MMMM.

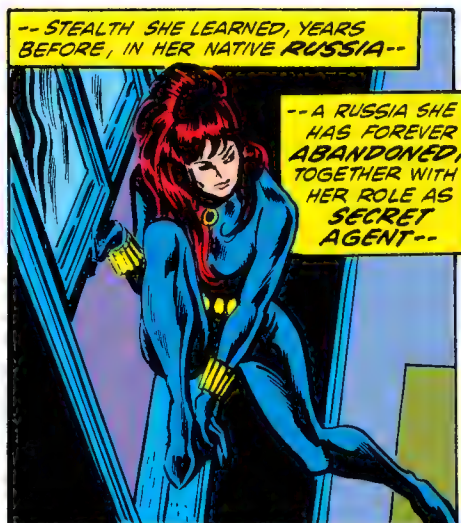


A FEW MOMENTS LATER,
A SLIM FEMALE FORM SLIPS
SILENTLY FROM THE DARKENED
ROOM, PAUSING FOR A
HEARTBEAT AT A CORRIDOR
CORNER--



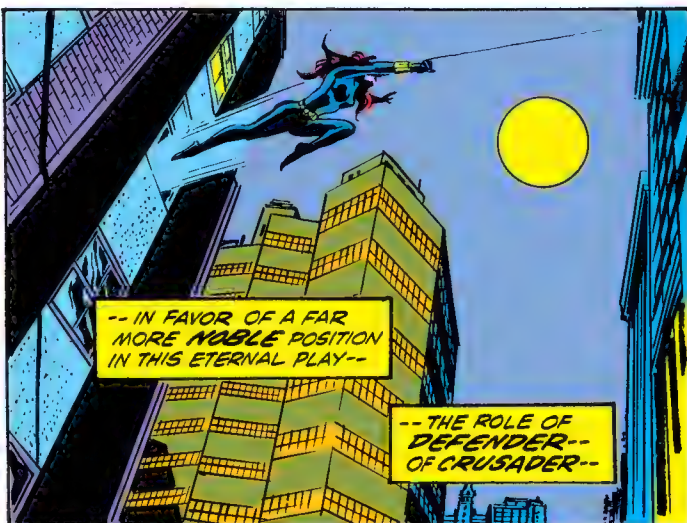
-- AND THEN MOVING
RAPIDLY TO AN
UNWATCHED
WINDOW.

**IF HER
FORMER MASTERS
COULD SEE HER NOW,
THEY'D BE PLEASED--
FOR SHE HAS THE
UNNATURAL **STEALTH**
OF A SUPERBLY-
TRAINED **SPY--****



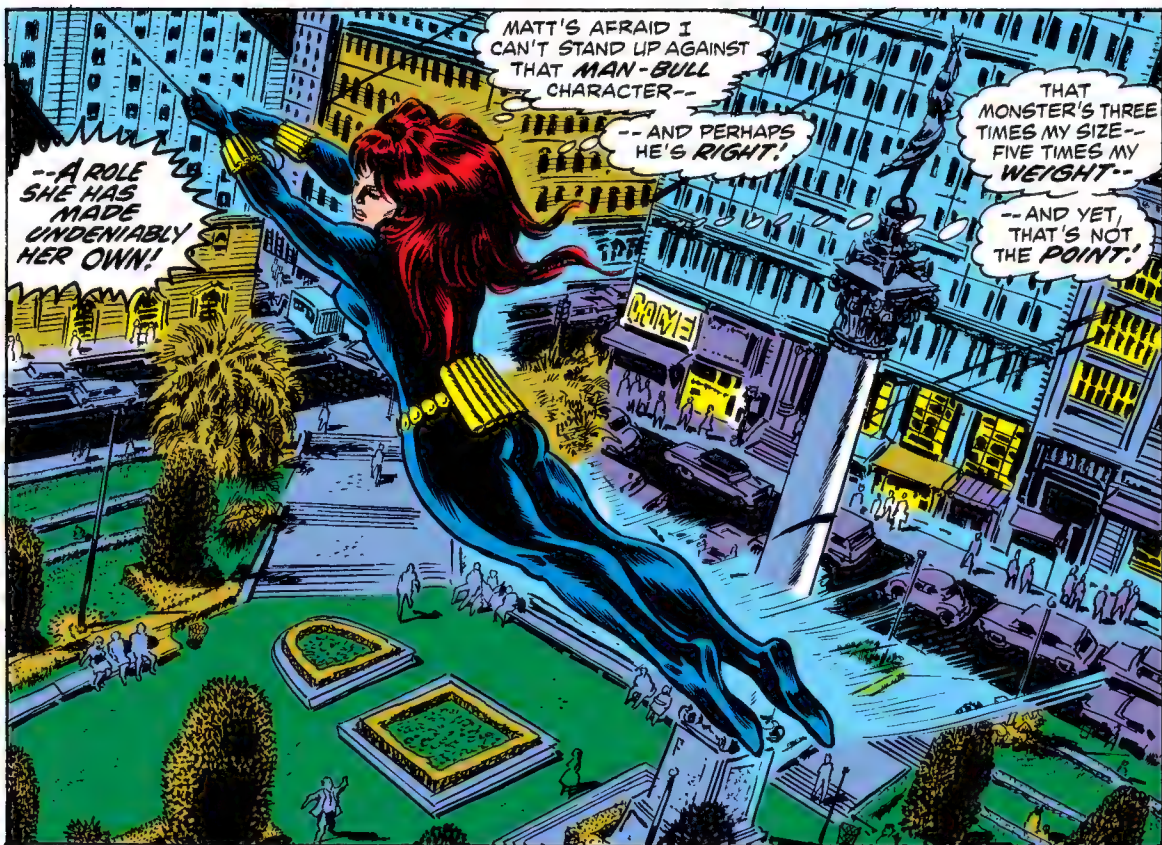
-- **STEALTH** SHE LEARNED, YEARS
BEFORE, IN HER NATIVE **RUSSIA--**

-- A **RUSSIA** SHE
HAS FOREVER
ABANDONED,
TOGETHER WITH
HER ROLE AS
**SECRET
AGENT--**



-- IN FAVOR OF A FAR
MORE **NOBLE** POSITION
IN THIS ETERNAL PLAY--

-- THE ROLE OF
DEFENDER--
OF **CRUSADER--**



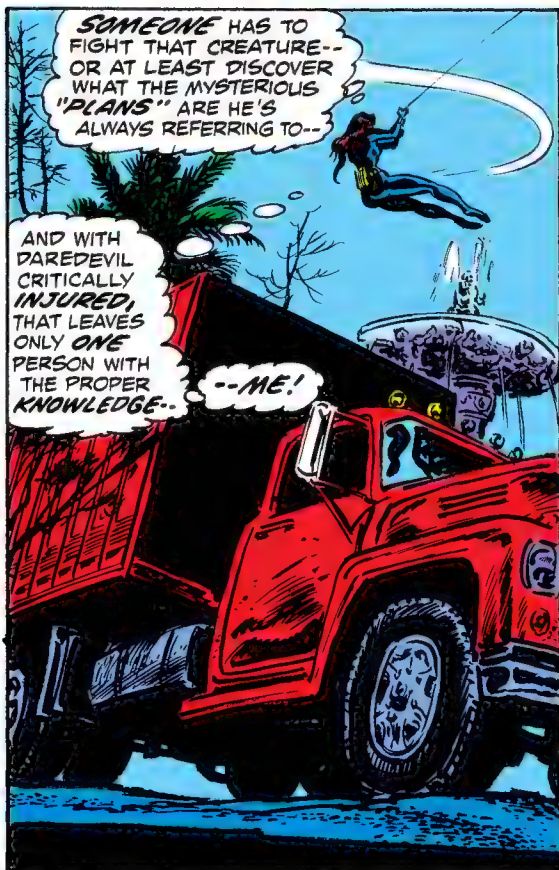
MATT'S AFRAID I
CAN'T STAND UP AGAINST
THAT **MAN-BULL**
CHARACTER--

-- AND PERHAPS
HE'S **RIGHT!**

THAT
MONSTER'S THREE
TIMES MY SIZE--
FIVE TIMES MY
WEIGHT--

-- AND YET,
THAT'S NOT
THE **POINT!**

--A **ROLE**
SHE HAS
MADE
UNDENIABLY
HER **OWN!**



SOMEONE HAS TO
FIGHT THAT CREATURE--
OR AT LEAST DISCOVER
WHAT THE MYSTERIOUS
"**PLANS**" ARE HE'S
ALWAYS REFERRING TO--

AND WITH
DAREDEVIL
CRITICALLY
INJURED,
THAT LEAVES
ONLY **ONE**
PERSON WITH
THE PROPER
KNOWLEDGE--

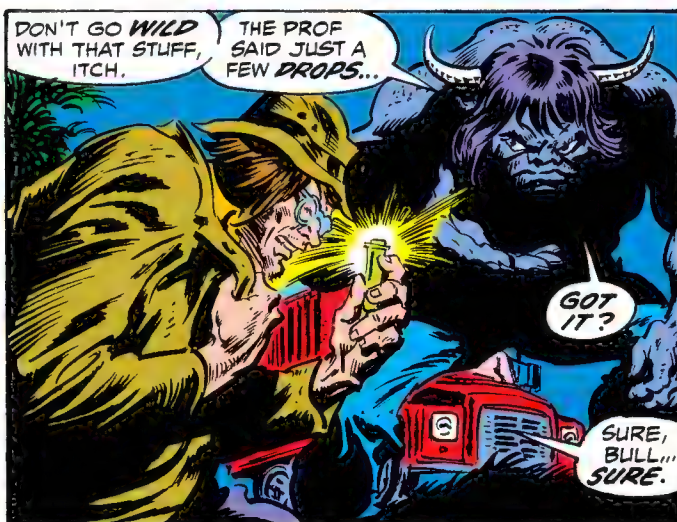
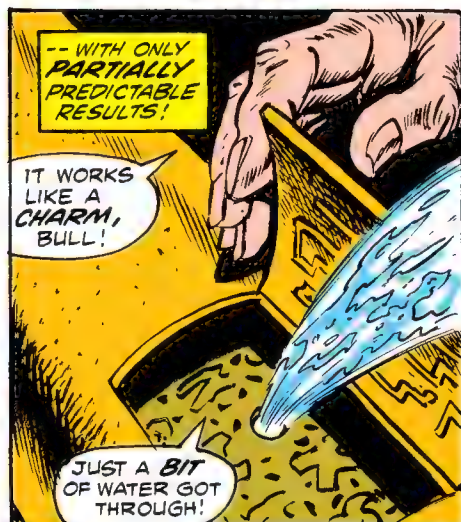
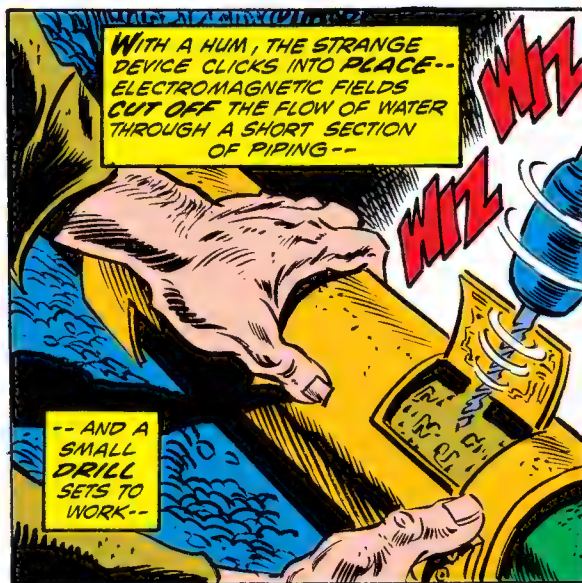
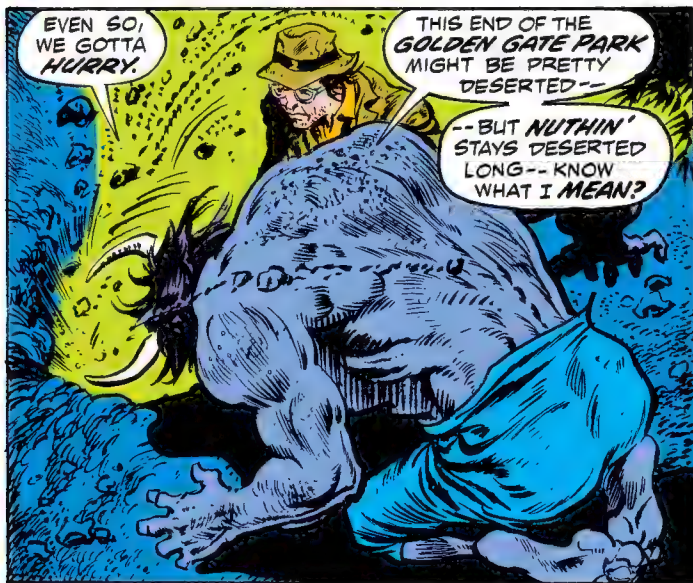
--**ME!**

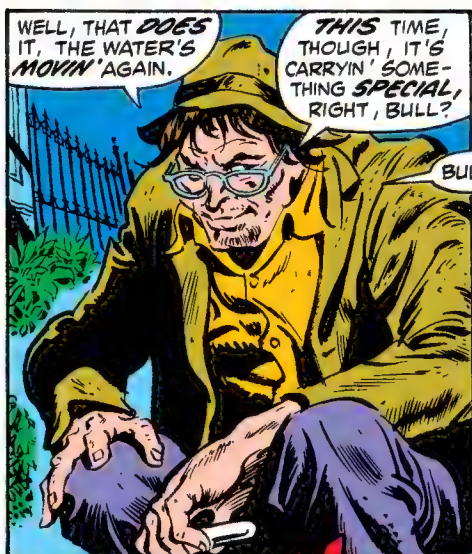
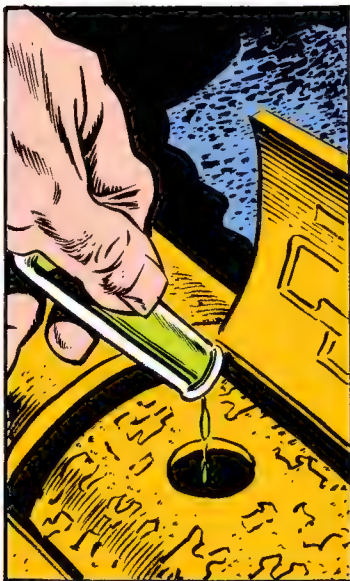


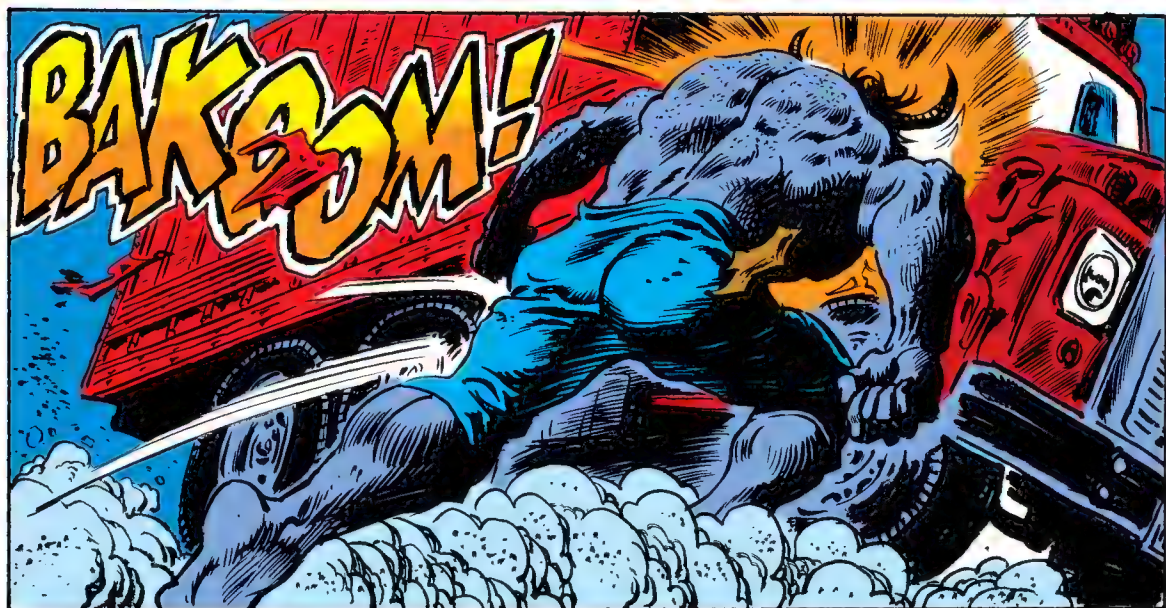
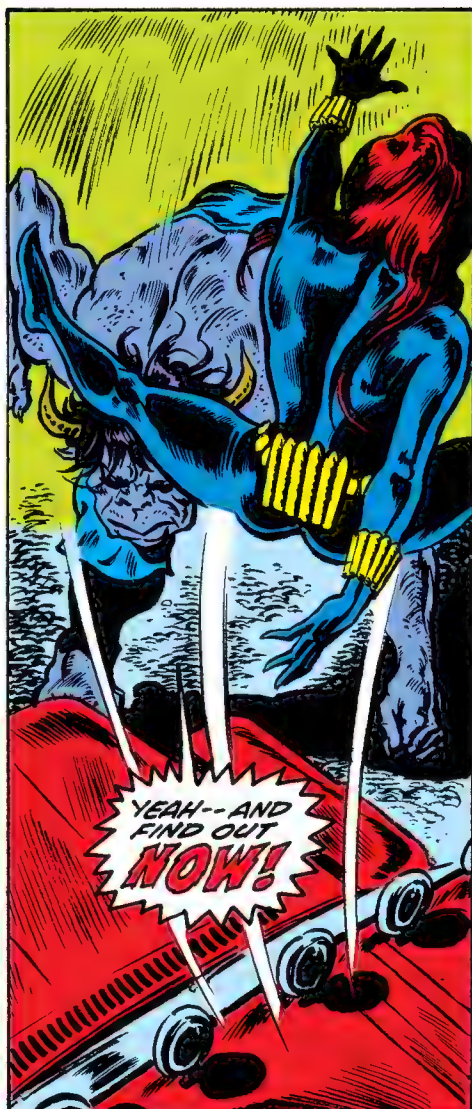
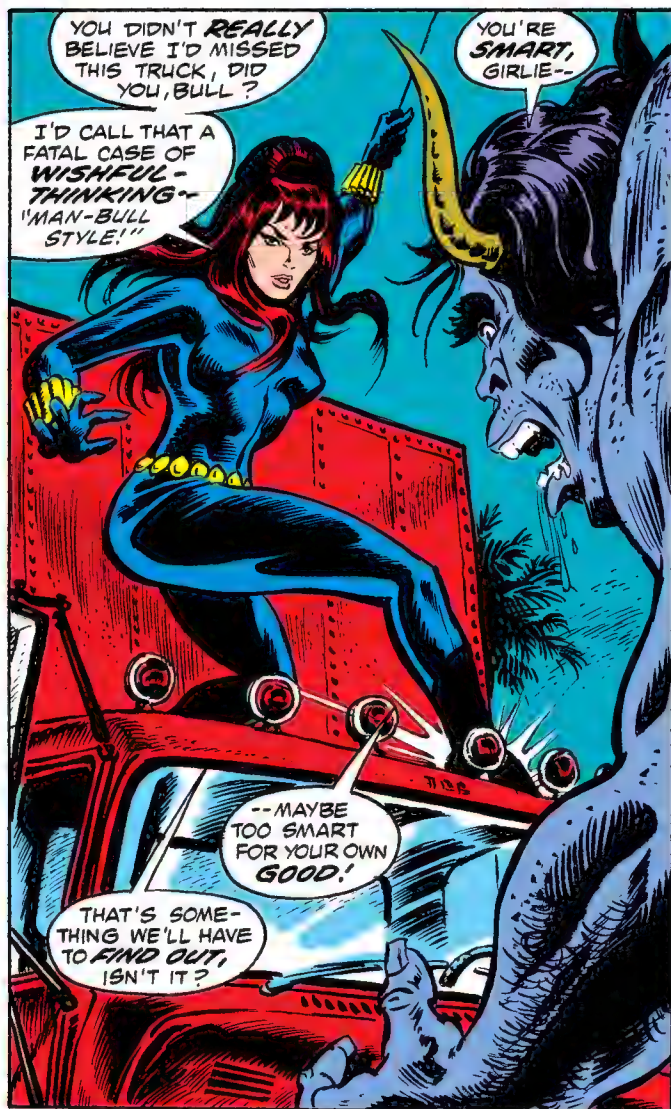
GOOD THING FOR **HER** SHE
DIDN'T SEE THAT CRUMMY
TRUCK OF YOURS, ITCH.

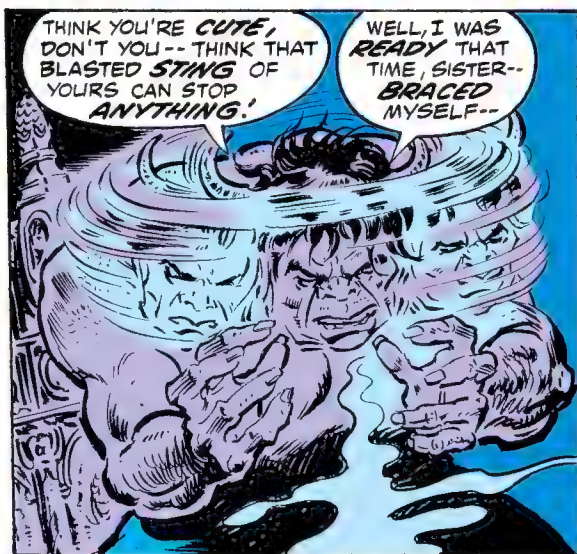
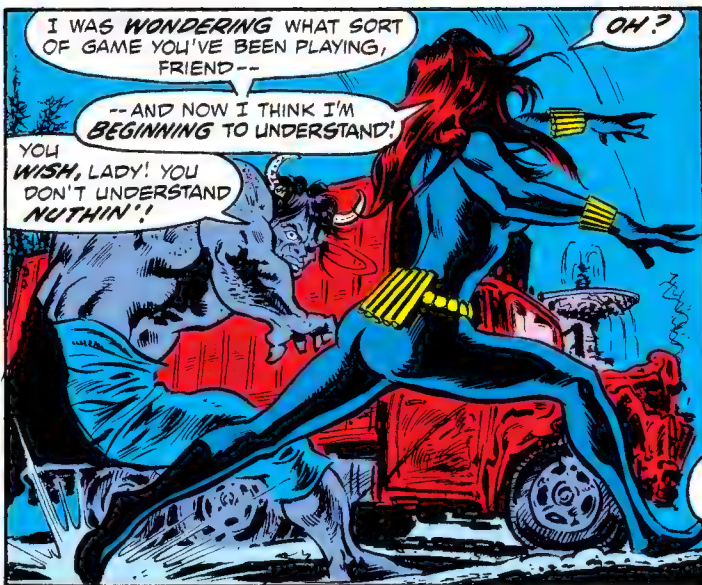
WE WOULD'VE
HAD TO **HURT**
HER A **LITTLE--**

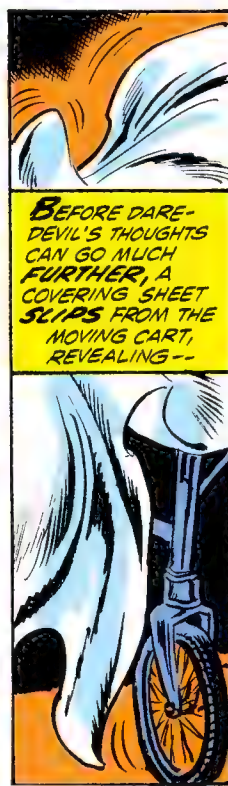
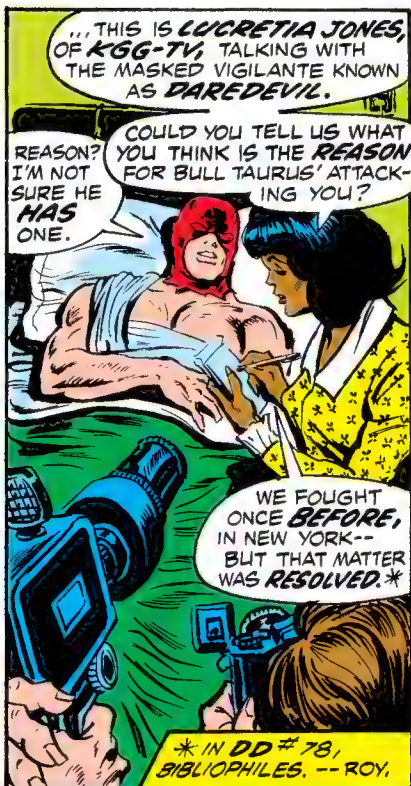
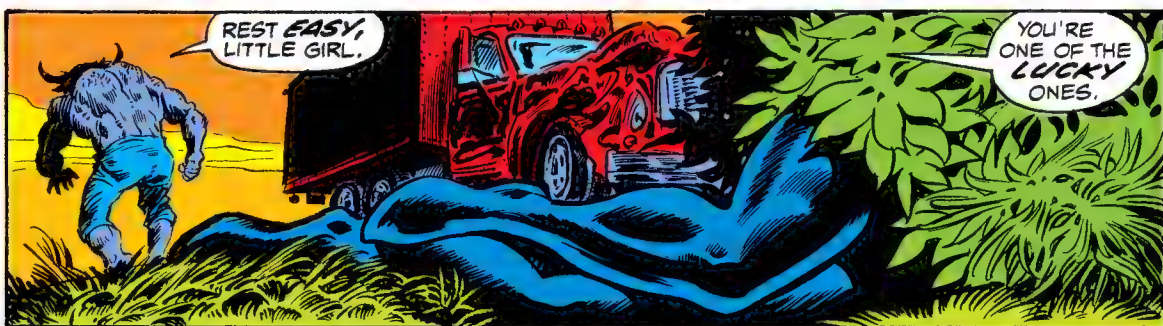
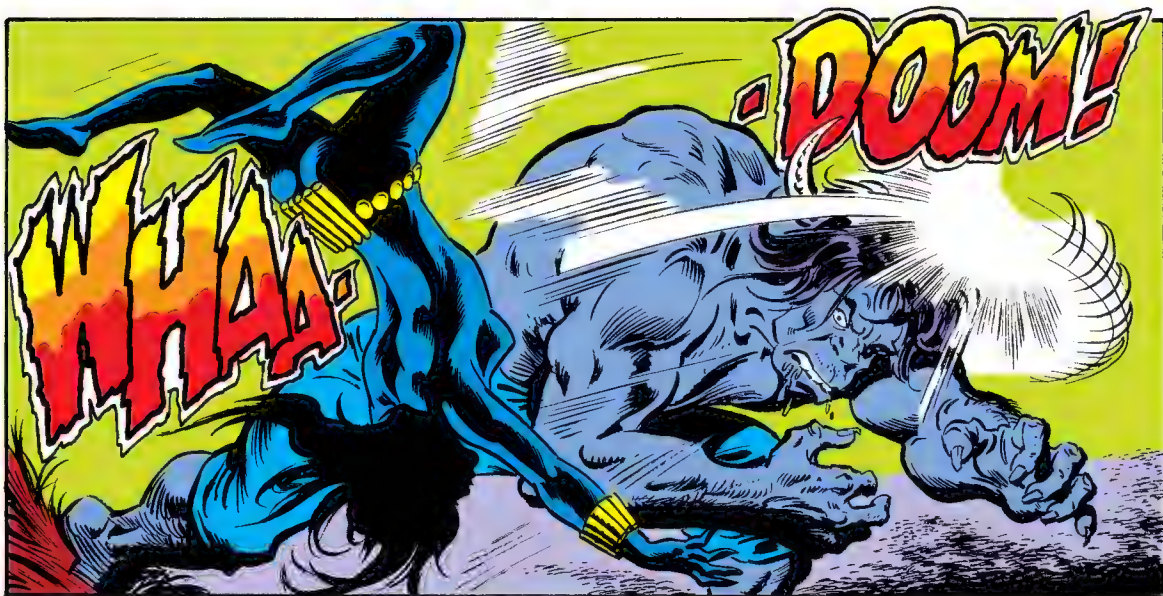
-- AND THAT
MIGHT HAVE
COMPLICATED
THINGS.





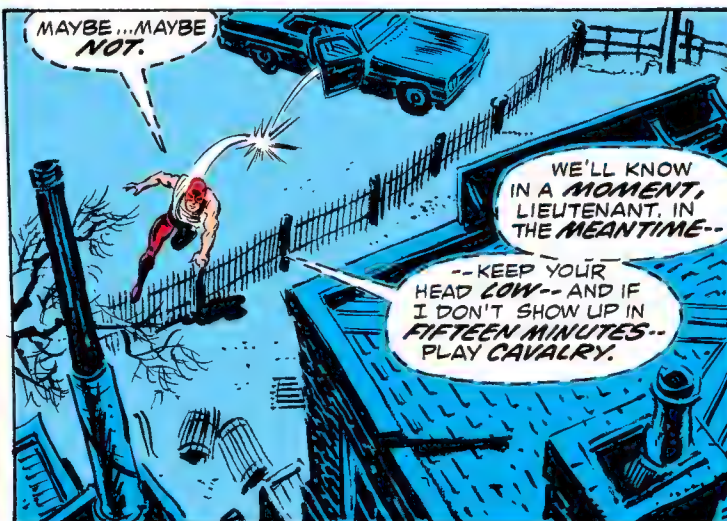
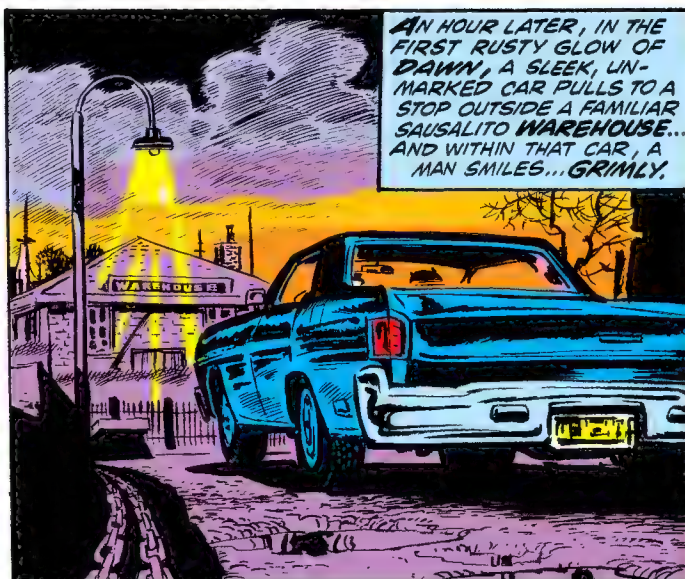


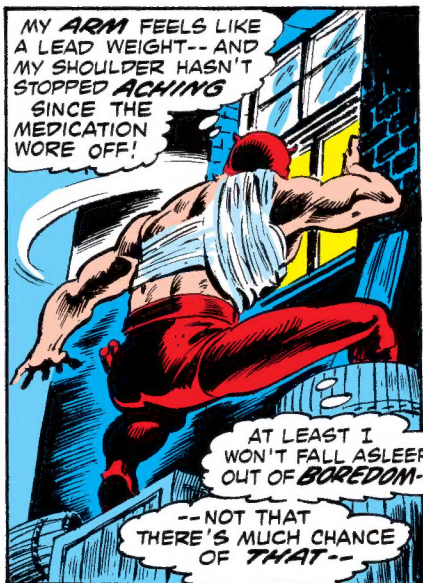






SICKENED BY THE SIGHT OF THE STRUGGLING VICTIM, LUCRETIA JONES *SHUDDERS*-- AND THEN, STRUCK WITH A SUDDEN THOUGHT, TURNS TO THE MAN SHE KNOWS AS DAREDEVIL, A QUESTION ON HER LIPS--





MY **ARM** FEELS LIKE A LEAD WEIGHT-- AND MY SHOULDER HASN'T STOPPED **ACHING** SINCE THE MEDICATION WORE OFF!

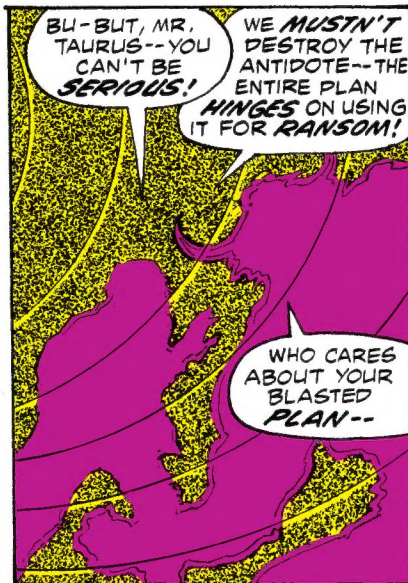
AT LEAST I WON'T FALL ASLEEP OUT OF **BOREDOM**--

--NOT THAT THERE'S MUCH CHANCE OF **THAT**--



--IF I CAN BELIEVE THE IMAGE MY **RADAR-SENSE** IS RELAYING--

--NOT MUCH CHANCE AT **ALL**!



BU-BUT, MR. TAURUS--YOU CAN'T BE **SERIOUS**!

WE **MUSTN'T** DESTROY THE ANTIDOTE--THE ENTIRE PLAN **HINGES** ON USING IT FOR **RANDOM**!

WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR **BLASTED PLAN**--

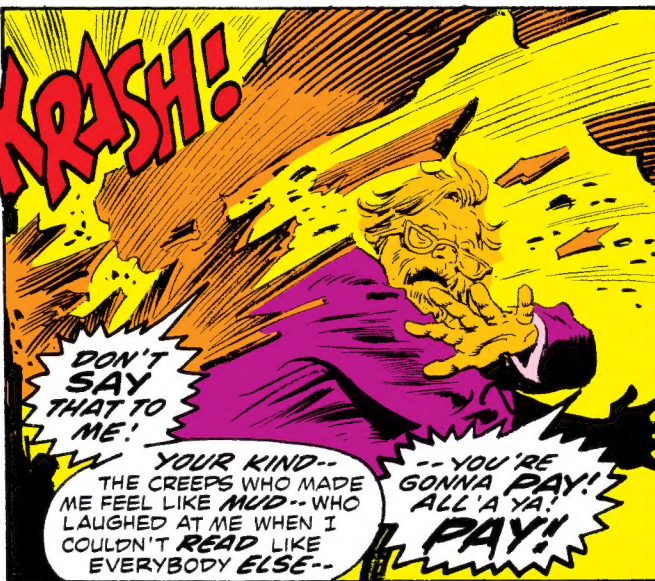


I NEVER INTENDED GIVING THEM THE ANTIDOTE IN THE **FIRST PLACE**!

DON'T YOU **UNDERSTAND**--? I WANT THEM TO **SUFFER**--

--TO SUFFER LIKE THEY'VE MADE **ME** SUFFER ALL MY LIFE!

YOU'RE-- YOU'RE **MAD**!



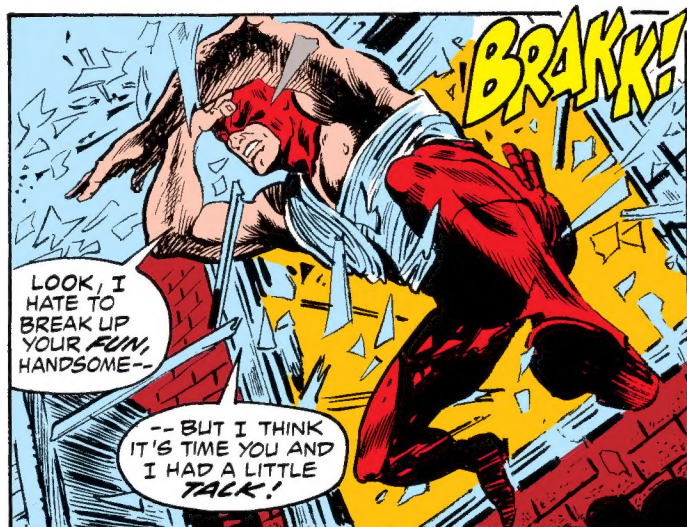
KRASH!

DON'T SAY THAT TO ME!

YOUR KIND-- THE CREEPS WHO MADE ME FEEL LIKE **MUD**-- WHO LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I COULDN'T **READ** LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE--

-- YOU'RE GONNA **PAY!** ALL A YA!

PAY!



BRACK!

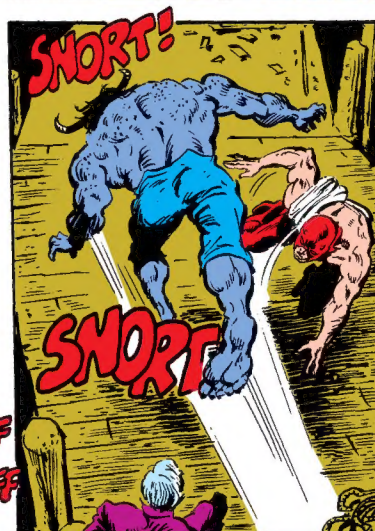
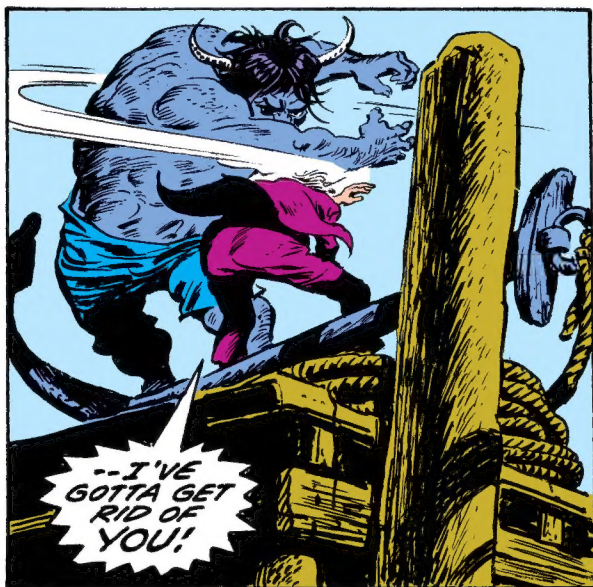
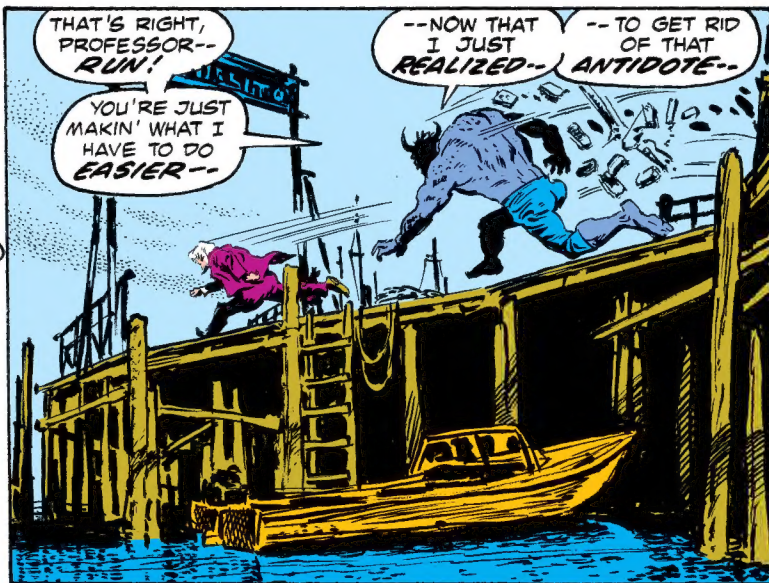
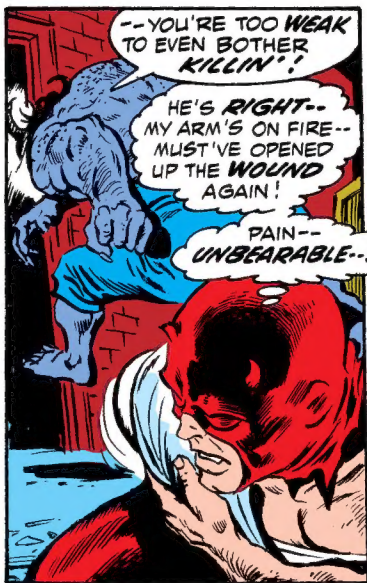
LOOK, I HATE TO BREAK UP YOUR **FUN**, HANDSOME--

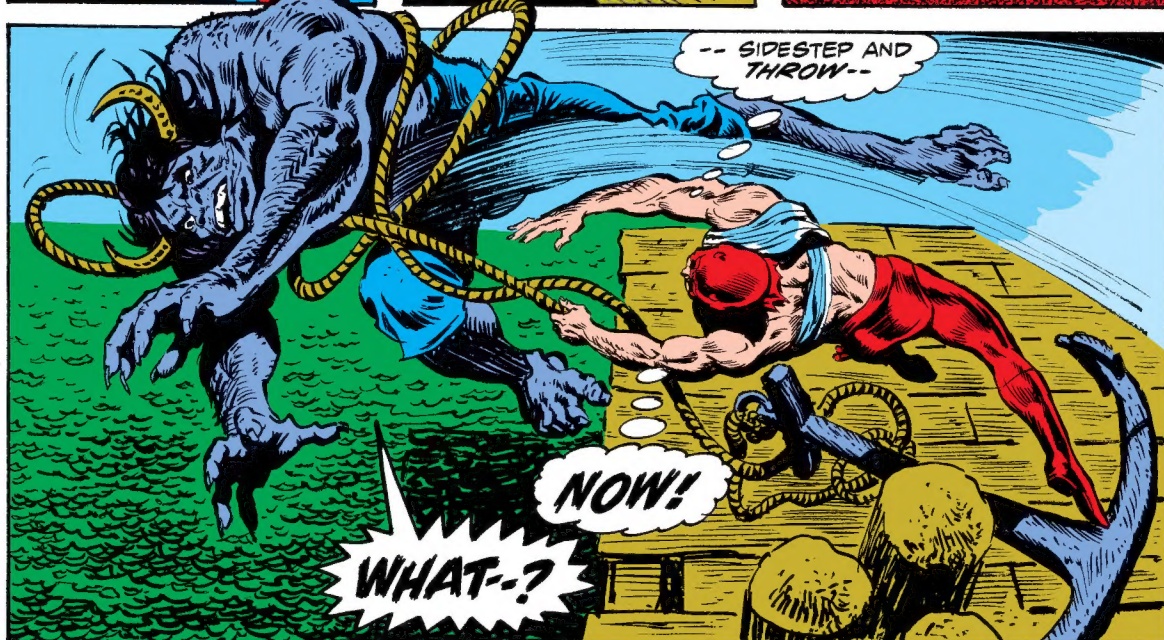
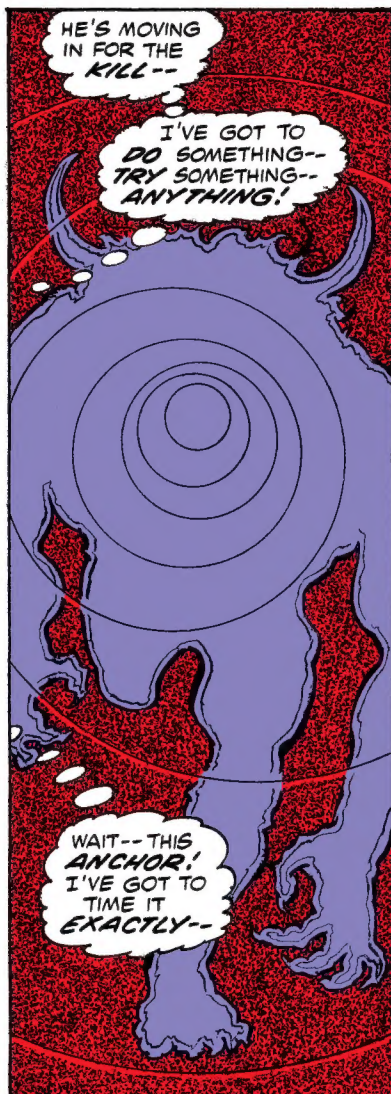
-- BUT I THINK IT'S TIME YOU AND I HAD A LITTLE **TALK**!



KEEP **DREAMING**, BOY!

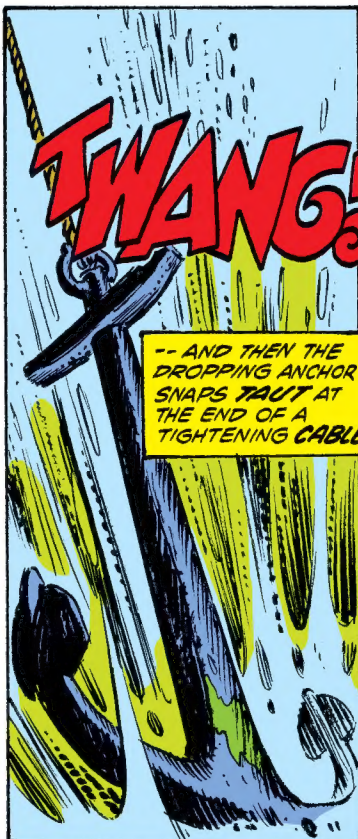
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'RE STILL **ALIVE**-- BUT IT DON'T RIGHTLY **MATTER**--







FOR ONE PARALYZED INSTANT, THE CREATURE CALLED THE MAN-BULL SEEMS TO **PAUSE**, FRAMED AGAINST A BLOATED AUTUMN **SUN--**



TWANG!

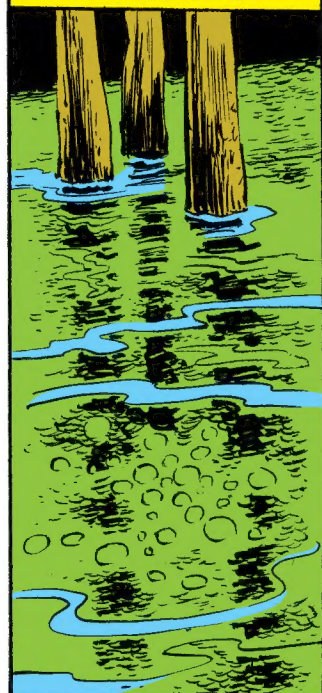
-- AND THEN THE DROPPING ANCHOR SNAPS TAUT AT THE END OF A TIGHTENING CABLE--



SPLASH!

-- A JOLTING DOUBLE SPLASH ECHOES ACROSS THE DAWN-LIT HARBOR--

-- BUT IN A MOMENT, THE WATER GROWS **SMOOTH** ONCE MORE-- SAVE FOR THE GENTLE **LAPPING** OF THE EARLY MORNING TIDE, A SOFT WHISPER OF WATER AGAINST WOOD-- FAINTLY **MOCKING**.



WITHOUT A FURTHER WORD, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR TURNS TOWARD THE **SHORE**.

HE KNOWS HE HASN'T WON A WAR-- OR EVEN A MODERATE **BATTLE**.



HE'S MERELY GAINED A MOMENT'S **RESPIRE--**

-- A MOMENT THAT IS ALWAYS-- INEVITABLY-- TOO **BRIEF**.

NEXT: THE DARK MESSIAH!